THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 13, 1804.

ELIZA LASCELLS: A TALE.

(Continued from Page 106.)

THOUGH this attached parent indulged the fondeſt hopes of happineſs in participating the future felicity of her child, yet Eliza was far leſs ſanguine in her ideas, for ſhe had already obſerved a change in the object of her choice. Inſtead of that ſtudious attention to pleaſe, which had led her lover to watch the very turn of her features, that he might, if poſſible, anticipate her deſires, ſhe had obſerved a difference in his behaviour even a few days after her marriage, which at once mortified her feelings, and conveyed a foreboding pang to her heart.

On the day after the performance of the real ceremony, and not quite three weeks after the deceptious one, Sir Charles informed Mrs. Laſcells, that his engagements required his return to town; but judge of her aſtoniſhment at hearing Edward ſay he would accompany him, and return again in leſs than a week. The expreſſive countenance of Eliza teſtified the mortification of her feeling, but wounded pride would not permit her to requeſt him to ſtay; Sir Charles darted upon him a look full of indignation, and in leſs than five minutes beckoned him out of the room. Eliza, no longer able to reſtrain her emotions, burſt into a violent flood of tears, and throwing her arms round the neck of Mrs. Laſcells, exclaimed, "Oh, my deareſt mother, I have already loſt his love!" In leſs than five minutes he re-entered the apartment, and obſerving the agitation of Eliza, appeared to participate in her grief, and eagerly demanding the cauſe of her agitation, aſſured her, he had merely mentioned an intention of going to London, to ſee whether ſhe would teſtify any concern.

" Could my Eliza," ſaid he, " ſuppoſe me ſo inſenſible of my own felicity as to relinquiſh it for the dull pleaſures which the metropolis affords? No, my beloved angel, it is only neceſſity that will ever part us, and never ſhall I taſte happineſs when abſent from thy arms!" Come, my ſweet girl, diſperſe this gloomy ſadneſs, for I ſhould be ſhocked that my father ſhould behold you in tears." Comforted by theſe profeſſions of affection, Eliza apologiſed for the childiſh weakneſs ſhe had diſplayed, and retired to her chamber to conquer an agitation which ſhe was anxious that Sir Charles ſhould not perceive. That excellent man, ſhocked at his ſon's want of common decency, had poſitively forbid his going to town; and Edward, alarmed at the idea of exciting his reſentment, had ſolemnly aſſured him that he was merely in jeſt.

Tedious to this diſſipated young man ſeemed the time until he was to return to college, though the greater part of it was devoted to the enjoyments of the field, in which he had always taken great pleaſure when he was under Mr. Herbert's care. Yet, even then, this amuſement was a pretence for gratifications of a different nature, for it was at thoſe times that he obtained permiſſion to go a ſhooting, that he betrayed thoſe unfortunate young women, whoſe father's letters Mr. Herbert had peruſed, and after his marriage he ſtill contrived to viſit them, although they knew that to Eliza he had plighted his love. At length the time arrived that he was to quit Yorkſhire, and with well-feigned diſtreſs he ſeemed to participate in the deluded Eliza's grief, who not only felt pained at the idea of a ſeparation, but entertained a thouſand apprehenſions leſt ſome other object ſhould make an impreſſion upon his heart. For ſome weeks his letters breathed the moſt ardent affection, and completely diſſipated Eliza's fears; but at the expiration of that time the ſtyle became leſs tender, and her fears of loſing his affection returned. Though Mrs. Laſcells endeavoured to diſſipate theſe foreboding apprehenſions, yet ſhe was thoroughly diſſatisfied with the conduct of her ſon, and ſome unguarded expreſſions which had dropped from Mr. Herbert rather augmented than diminiſhed her fears.

At length the period arrived when he was to quit the univerſity, and Sir Charles being high in the adminiſtration, eaſily obtained him employ; Eliza and her mother immediately removed to London, and hired an elegant, though not expenſive houſe, in Seymour-ſtreet. Eleven months had by this time nearly elapſed ſince their marriage, and during that ſpace he had not ſpent more than three of them with his wife, who ſilently mourned the folly ſhe had been guilty of, in not having conſulted the wiſhes of her mother in her choice. A new ſcene of life was now preſented to Eliza, the quietneſs of the country was ſucceeded by the perpetual buſtle of the town; for Edward

ward was ſo paſſionately fond of company, that they never ſpent one day in the week alone. Though he had long ceaſed to feel affection for Eliza, yet he was proud of diſplaying her charms; and diſregardleſs of the fatigue which he ſaw ſhe ſuffered from complying with his wiſhes, he would never permit her to remain peaceably at home. The ſituation ſhe was in demanded quietneſs and reſpite, but it was in vain that Mrs. Laſcells pointed out the injury ſhe might ſuffer from fatigue, for he inſolently told her, "he would ſuffer no perſon but *himſelf* to direct the actions of his wife." The diſſipated Sir George Freelove was a conſtant gueſt in the family, and his attentions to Eliza were of the moſt pointed kind. At length ſhe complained of them to her huſband, who laughed at her folly, and called her a mere child.

At length Eliza became a mother, and never was a heart more capable of feeling maternal delights, and ſhe fondly hoped that this pledge of conjugal affection would impart mutual gratification to her huſband's mind. But, alas! nature had not formed him in a mould to participate in thoſe gratifications which hearts of ſenſibility only are calculated to feel; the name of *father* conveyed no pleaſure to his boſom, and the ſmiles of the little innocent afforded him no delight. Long did Eliza ſtruggle againſt the anguiſh of her feelings; long did ſhe endeavour to revive ſentiments of tenderneſs in her huſband's heart; who, though he did not perſonally ill-treat her, not only ſpent the greater part of the days, but the nights from home. In the company of her child and mother ſhe endeavoured to baniſh painful reflections, but ſorrow impreſſed its image upon her heart, and ſhe was no longer able to wear the appearance of compoſure, ſo ſevere was her mortification, and ſo agonizing her grief. Sir George Freelove no ſooner beheld theſe decided ſymptoms of unhappineſs, than he indulged the hope of being able to convert them to his own libertine views; yet well was he aware of the purity of her principles, and of the complete rectitude of her heart. The firſt meaſure he adopted was to relinquiſh all his diſſipated acquaintances, whoſe conduct and principles he had heard Eliza condemn; and though years had elapſed without his paying any attention to the ſabbath, yet he regularly made a point of going to church. To Mrs. Laſcells, inſtead of Eliza, he now ſeemed to devote his attention; declared that he believed his acquaintance with her had been the ſalvation of his ſoul; lamented the errors that he had formerly fallen into, but attributed them to the fault of thoſe from whom he had received his education, and the natural weakneſſes of youth.

Undeſigning herſelf, and inclined to put the moſt favourable conſtruction upon failings, this amiable woman was completely deceived, and began to feel for Sir George that anxious ſolici-

tude which an attached mother entertains for her ſon. To Eliza ſhe ſpoke of him in terms of the warmeſt approbation, and the praiſe of her mother was a paſſport to *her eſteem;* ſhe therefore treated Sir George with the familiarity of a brother, and his former imperfections were entirely forgot. Delighted at the ſucceſs of his artful ſtratagem, he watched for an opportunity of finding Eliza alone; at length the long wiſhed for moment preſented itſelf, though it did not occur for more than two years. Edward had been abſent from home more than a fortnight, yet this was a circumſtance which frequently occurred. Mrs. Laſcells had retired to her apartment in conſequence of a violent headach, and when Sir George entered the drawing-room, Eliza was weeping over her child.

"In tears!" Mrs. Charlton, ſaid he, in the ſofteſt accent; "Oh heavens, that I was but permitted to ſhare your grief! or rather let me ſay, that I could ſhield you from ſorrow; this would be joy, this would be happineſs indeed! Oh, Mrs. Charlton," continued he, "would you but conſider me as a brother; would you but forget I was ever the friend of the man who has become indifferent to ſuch charms. Would you but tell me in what manner I can relieve your inquietude, and, if poſſible, reſtore tranquillity to your heart."

"I thank you, Sir George," replied Eliza, "for the intereſt you appear to take in my happineſs; but remember, that it was from being the friend of my huſband that you obtained this intimate footing in our houſe, and it is only as his friend, that I can permit the continuance of your viſits, or that you can poſſibly be entitled to my eſteem. If I have been ſo unfortunate as to loſe the affection of Mr. Charlton, my conſcience, thank Heaven, does not accuſe me of having been to blame; but we will talk no more if you pleaſe upon this ſubject, for it is one that, propriety tells me, I ought not to hear."

"Excellent woman!" exclaimed Sir George, in more impaſſioned accents; "what a dreadful infatuation has taken poſſeſſion of Edward's heart! My God! when I reflect upon the being he prefers to you, I can neither ſilence my reſentment, or give utterance to my grief." "I muſt ſilence this converſation, however," replied Eliza; at the ſame time riſing and ringing the bell; "bring ſome tea to Sir George," ſaid ſhe to the ſervant, "for I muſt go to my mother, therefore beg to be excuſed." So ſaying, ſhe quitted the apartment, leaving the diſappointed Sir George alone.

(To be continued.)

Admonitions to Volunteers reſpecting the Uſe of Fire-Arms.

FIRELOCKS are as often ſpoiled by being kept too dry as too damp. In the former caſe, the wood becomes brittle;

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in the latter caſe, the iron contracts ruſt. The bed-chamber of a ſoldier is the proper place for his arms, as being neither too dry, nor too damp; and, becauſe they will then be at hand, if the drum ſhould beat an alarm in the night, and enable him to equip himſelf for ſervice, in the ſame time which would ſuffice to dreſs in his ordinary manner.

When a muſket is not in uſe, the lock ſhould always reſt in the poſition it takes upon being ſtruck off. Conſtant contraction deſtroys the ſtrength of the ſprings. At the time a lock is "ſtruck off," care ſhould be taken that the hammer cover the pan. Without this precaution, the cock and the main-ſpring are liable to be broken. The ſame accident will frequently happen, if the lock be imprudently ſtruck off, without a flint or a driver.

A flint ought to be placed in the cock, with the flat ſide uppermoſt. The reverſe is the more common practice; the conſequence of which is, the flints are very ſoon worn out, and what is of infinite conſequence to a ſoldier, are very liable to miſs fire. The flints ought to be firmly ſcrewed in the jaws of the cock; and care taken that no oil or greaſe attach to its edge, or to the face of the hammer.

Previous to loading a muſket, the pricker ſhould be thruſt into the touch-hole. If the piece fire the firſt platoon, and be kept regularly loaded, it ſeldom miſſes during the courſe of a day. After priming, the cartridge ſhould be ſhaken a little within the muzzle, before it is dropped into the barrel; this will enſure ſome gunpowder to the interior of the touch-hole, which cannot, with this precaution, be blocked up by the paper of the cartridge.

If a muſket flaſh in the pan, but is not diſcharged, the touch-hole muſt be opened before a ſecond priming.

If the circumſtance of miſſing fire eſcape the obſervation of the volunteer, the extra length of the ramrod, upon reloading, will diſcover the fact. In this caſe, it would be beſt to draw the charge; but if no opportunity offer for the purpoſe, the firelock may be diſcharged with perfect ſafety to the volunteer. But the ſecond cartridge may be fatal to ſome one in front of the line, for if it has paſſed down unbroken, and the powder in it be cut off from communication with the firſt, it will have the effect of a ball, though its weight will not ſuffer it to fly to ſo great a diſtance.

To prevent the poſſibility of an accident it will be well for every one, who is not quite certain that his piece was diſcharged, to abſtain once from loading. In going through the motions of a re-load, he will aſcertain the fact by the ramrod. If his piece was diſcharged, one ſilent gun at the next "fire," will not make any ſenſible difference in the tone of the report, or in the effect,

effect, in action; but it will enable him to reload in perfect confidence.

If at the command "make ready," any one be so remiss as to omit to cock his musket, it will be proper, after the discharge of the rest of the platoon, to make the motions with them, but not reload. The same rule should be observed, if, when properly cocked, he should omit to draw the trigger, at the word "fire;" only, as he brings his piece to the priming position, he should, with his thumb and trigger-finger, bring down the lock to the half-cock; taking care it be well secured to prevent an accidental discharge.

If, in loading, the ramrod get fastened in the barrel, the volunteer should not, on any account, cock the gun, on the words, "make ready;" he should content himself with the motion. On the word "present," it would be well to "advance arms," instead of presenting. This will prevent the possibility of an accident. A ramrod discharged will have the effect of a ball. On a day of exercise, it might be fatal to a field-officer or a spectator; on a day of real action, it would render the firelock entirely useless.

Hard ramming is improper; but a cartridge ought to be rammed home. This will insure effect; to say nothing of the possibility of a piece bursting, when the ball or wadding is not pushed home to the powder; a neglect almost as dangerous as overloading. On this subject it may be useful to say, that every firelock, proved at the Tower, has stood charge of proof, more than equal to three cartridges. The foregoing remarks are made to establish that confidence, which is the result of information.

In action, care should be taken that the muskets are not too much elevated. A ball never sinks, until it is nearly spent. If it should strike the ground, by too low a level, it will rise again, and form a similar angle to that described in its passage from the mouth of the piece, and may possibly do as much execution, as if it had been properly levelled.—Too much elevation is the reason why so few persons are killed in an engagement. We sometimes read of 20,000 men engaged in a battle, in which each expended twenty ball-cartridges, and yet not more than 1000 were killed and wounded. There, evidently 399,000 balls were thrown away; even if we allow nothing for the effect produced by the cannon and the cavalry. At the same time, a caution is necessary against a practice by no means uncommon, of letting the weight of the piece sway it too low at the word "present." The ball in that case strikes the ground a few yards from the muzzle, and if it does not lodge there, takes a range far over the heads of the opposite party. Aim should be taken half a yard below the flash of the enemy. If this rule were steadily persevered in, the effect would be tremendous.

On returning from the field, arms ſhould never be put aſide without being wiped with a dry cloth. Nothing cauſes iron to ruſt ſooner than the moiſture of a warm hand. If the day has been rainy, the earlier the ſpots are removed, the leſs labour will be required for that purpoſe. To effect this, take a little flour of emery, and mix it with as much oil as will give it the conſiſtency of treacle. With this mixture, by the help of a piece of leather, rub the iron and ſteel, and the ſpots will ſoon diſappear. After which, take a little crocus or tripoli, and leather, or the hand, rub the metal, until it aſſume the degree of brightneſs in which every one muſt wiſh to exhibit their arms, after uſing the poliſhing ſubſtances, the inſide of the lock, the under-ſide of the cock, the joint of the hammer, and its ſpring muſt be cleaned from the dirt which will neceſſarily have lodged there. A ſmall bruſh, the feathers from the wing of a fowl, muſt be uſed for this purpoſe. A very ſmall portion of ſallad oil muſt then be applied to every part of the lock, where there is any friction. On thoſe parts there muſt be oil, but there cannot be too little.

When the inſide of the barrel is cleaned, if proper implements are at hand, it is beſt to draw the breech-pin; but in this caſe, care muſt be taken, that the barrel be not bruiſed, and that the breech-pin be exactly replaced. But as the convenience of a vice and a wrench are only poſſeſſed by a few, the major part of barrels are cleaned without drawing the pin. The touch-hole muſt be ſtopped with a wooden plug, and the barrel filled with water (if hot the better), which muſt remain in it fifteen or twenty minutes; the plug muſt then be taken out of the touch-hole, and the breech end of the barrel placed in a bucket of water. Tow, or rags, are then faſtened in the worm of the ram-rod, and the inſide of the barrel waſhed (changing the water occaſionally) until the diſcharged water, which paſſes through the touch-hole, be quite clear. After which, other rags are to be uſed, to make the inſide of the barrel perfectly dry; being particularly careful with reſpect to the bottom of the tube, againſt the end of the breech-pin. For greater ſecurity, it will be well to place the barrel near a good fire until it is quite warm. On its being again cool, a clean rag ſhould be paſſed down it; and it ſhould alſo be wiped with a piece of flannel wetted with oil, and wrapped like the other rags, on the worm. If each volunteer would provide himſelf with a wood ſcouring-rod, which, with worm, loop, and ſcraper, would not coſt more than three ſhillings, it would ſuperſede the neceſſity of poliſhing the ram-rod every time the barrel is cleaned, which would alſo be effected in leſs time with the ſcourer.

The braſs work of a muſket may be cleaned in the manner previouſly recommended for the iron; but much leſs labour will ſuffice. When the ſtock becomes rough, rub it over with

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linſeed oil (if a little of the root of alkanet has been infuſed in it, the better), this muſt remain on the ſtock for ſome hours; after which, ſprinkle a little flour of emery upon it, and rub it with a piece of woollen; giving the laſt finiſh with a linen cloth.

By paying attention to theſe hints, volunteers will find much leſs trouble than they may imagine, on the firſt peruſal, in keeping their arms not only ſerviceable and ſoldier-like, but neat and handſome.

Narrative of the late Rebellion in Ireland.

(Continued from Page 111, and concluded.)

SIMILAR ſcenes of deſolation and famine would have doubtleſs followed the rebellion of 1798, if by a concurrence of lucky incidents its extenſion and continuance had not been prevented. At this prevention the romaniſts of Ireland would ſurely rejoice, if matters were by them viewed in a clear and pure light. Suppoſing the inſurrection completely ſucceſsful in Leinſter, Munſter, and Connaught, how formidable an oppoſition was to be expected from the proteſtants of Ulſter, aided by Britiſh forces, when the war was once known to be decidedly religious? Happily intelligence of the religious inſanity exhibited by the ſoutherns was received ſoon enough in the north to prevent commotions of any moment in favour of rebellion in that quarter. Suppoſing all Ireland reduced under the power of the inſurgents, the Britiſh forces expelled, and the proteſtants exterminated by death or exile, was no diſcord with probability to be expected among the various bodies of inſurgents, which might favour the return and ſucceſsful progreſs of Britiſh armies? The very high probability of ſuch diſcord is evinced by experience in the events of times paſt, in the civil wars of this unhappily often diſtracted country.

Thus when O'Nial, Earl of Tyrone, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, fluſhed with temporary ſucceſs, conceived ſtrong hopes of being able to effectuate a ſeparation of Ireland from the Engliſh dominion, he and his followers were unable to conceal the deſign which they entertained, of exterminating all in this kingdom of Engliſh race, not excepting romaniſts—not even thoſe who were fighting under his own banners againſt the proteſtant government. What diſcord muſt not ſuch a ſpirit produce if the terror of the queen's arms had once been completely, or even nearly removed? The ſame ſpirit revived with ſuch force in the time of Charles I. when the expectations of the Iriſh romaniſts ran high in the prevalence of their power, that their armies were ready to turn their ſwords one againſt

another, notwithſtanding that the iſſue of their conteſt with the proteſtant party was ſtill uncertain. " The inſolence of the followers of Owen O'Nial," ſays an authentic hiſtorian, " who could not conceal the pride and prejudices of their ancient deſcent, and claimed the whole iſland as the property of the old Iriſh, filled the confederates with fears and diſcontents. Thoſe of Leinſter, and all the catholics of Engliſh race, dreaded extirpation from theſe ſavages. So that the body of Iriſh inſurgents, who had given ſuch conſequence and ſuch dignity to their original conſpiracy, who had extorted the moſt abject condeſcenſions from the king, and preſcribed law to his lieutenant, was now on the point of breaking into virulent factions, and declaring deſperate war againſt each other."*

The evil conſequences of the rebellion of 1798, were, notwithſtanding the ſmall extent and duration of armed oppoſition to government, too many to be diſtinctly particulariſed. To the general maſs of evils, of ſome of which a faint idea may be formed from the foregoing pages, a corruption of morals in the diſturbed parts made a lamentable addition. To dwell on the ſad propenſity to extortion, cheating, pilfering, and robbing, acquired or encouraged by a temporary diſſolution of civil government; on the practice of perjury and bribery in the accuſation and defence of real or ſuppoſed criminals; and of perjury in claims of loſſes, even by perſons who might well be ſuppoſed ſuperior to ſuch meanneſs, laying aſide religious conſideration, would be attended with more pain than utility. Even diſſipation, which might reaſonably be expected to be checked by the calamities attendant on this cruel commotion, ſeemed to revive with augmented force on the ſubſiding of the inſurrection. Collected in towns, in the following winter, many of the lower ſort of loyaliſts ſpent the days in drunkenneſs, and their ſuperiors the nights in late ſuppers and riotous conviviality. One good conſequence, however, of their aſſembling in towns was the promotion of matrimony. Young people of the two ſexes being brought together, who might otherwiſe have remained unacquainted one with another, an extraordinary number of marriages took place, as if providence intended thus to repair the waſte of civil war.

A conſequence of immenſely greater and more general importance reſulted from the experience of miſery in our civil diſtractions, and a ſenſe of the danger which we providentially eſcaped, of ſtill far greater miſery; a conſequence, I ſincerely hope, of ſuch utility as may prove well worth its purchaſe by all the calamities which our iſland has ſuffered by a ſhort-lived and local rebellion. A legiſlative union of Britain and Ireland,

* Leland's Hiſtory of Ireland, book v. chap 7. Alſo book v. chap. 3. Alſo Carte's Ormond, vol. i. p. 589.

or a political incorporation of the two kingdoms into one, an incorporation which might remove the baneful jealouſies ariſing from national diſtinctneſs, the danger of a fatal rupture of the political connexion of the two iſlands, and the great inconvenience of a ſyſtem of two diſtinct legiſlatures nominally independent each of the other, but one of them practically in ſubjection to the other, had long been wiſhed by ſome reflecting men among the Iriſh, who preferred the ſubſtantial intereſts of Ireland, and of the Britiſh empire in general, to the gratification of ſtrangely miſtaken national pride, and petty perſonal and local advantages. But ſo odious was the meaſure to multitudes, whoſe pride or private intereſt, real or imaginary, was engaged, that it could not with the ſmalleſt probability of ſucceſs be propoſed, until prejudice was in ſome degree overcome by the calamities and dangers of the rebellion. The conſideration of the important ſubject was recommended by his majeſty to the Britiſh and Iriſh parliaments in the beginning of the year 1799, and in order to give ample time for reflection, the actual propoſal of the queſtion was deferred to the following year, the laſt of the eighteenth century, when it paſſed into a law with (in the Iriſh houſe) a furious but feeble oppoſition.

Partial inconveniences muſt doubtleſs ariſe from ſo great a change in the ſtate of Ireland. Even in my own order, we muſt expect more numerous inſtances than ever of the preference of Engliſhmen to natives of ſuperior merit, in the diſpoſal of eccleſiaſtical benefices. Though I ſhould heartily wiſh the matter otherwiſe, yet I ought not, by ſuch a conſideration, to be in the leaſt influenced againſt a meaſure, which, by a concentration of all the legiſlative powers of the Britiſh empire, promiſes concord, ſtrength, and ſtability to the whole. When, by the natural courſe of events, the great continental powers of Europe are growing into enormous magnitude by the abſorption of the weaker ſtates, what have the Britiſh iſlands to preſerve their independence, but their aqueous barriers, firm union at home, and a wholeſome ſyſtem of government, promotive particularly of agriculture, the great ſource of national wealth for the maintenance of fleets and armies?

Much work indeed is left for the imperial parliament, to attach the maſs of the Iriſh peaſantry to the conſtitution. This cannot be effected ſo long as the peaſants are phyſically miſerable. In my humble opinion, thoſe taxes ought to be aboliſhed which fall heavily on this deſcription of men. Since the rents of lands, which are in general dreadfully ſevere on the Iriſh peaſants, cannot be limited by law, long tenures ought to be enacted, which might encourage them to improve their grounds, ſo as to riſe into a more comfortable condition, and augment at the ſame time the national riches. I ſhould alſo wiſh a fair and equitable commutation of tithes, or ſuch a modification

dification of them, as would relieve the induſtrious cultivator, by obliging the lazy grazier, and the idle eſquire, to bear a juſt proportion of the burthen.

One of the happieſt conſequences reaſonably expected to ariſe, in courſe of time, from the abolition of our national diſtinctneſs, the removal of our local parliament, and its incorporation with that of Britain, is the ſubſidence of that rancorous ſpirit of religious animoſity, which has been the parent of ſo much miſchief to this iſland. We hope, as the meaſure cannot now be attended with any danger, to ſee ſhortly ſo complete an emancipation of the catholics, that modes of metaphyſical credence ſhall no longer be a barrier againſt political capacity and civil right. The ſubject is well worthy of conſideration in the imperial parliament, where, doubtleſs, as in a truly proteſtant aſſembly, the queſtion will be decided in the ſpirit of liberality, juſtice, and true policy; over-ruling by an auguſt determination the ominous croakings of little bigots; men, who, to retain a monopoly of power, ſcrupled not, in the public legiſlature, to traduce the conduct and character of their countrymen. Such a meaſure would moſt powerfully tend to the gradual extinction of religious animoſity and local faction.

In my ſtatement of facts I ſhall be accuſed as a favourer of loyaliſts and rebels, of orangemen and croppies, of heretics and papiſts; and I muſt acknowledge, not without ſome juſtice, as I love my countrymen of every ſect and party, and moſt heartily wiſh them to act in a manner the moſt conducive to their own happineſs, to cultivate Chriſtian charity and friendſhip among themſelves, and with the inhabitants of their great ſiſter iſland, their fellow-ſubjects, and natural aſſociates.

Whatever may have been my feelings for the ſufferings of others, I hope they have no where cauſed me to ſwerve from the line of truth. With reſpect to myſelf they ought not to be very acute, as I ſuſtained no other loſs, I fervently thank God, than that of property. Though my three youngeſt children fell into the hands of the rebels, they received no injury; and though my two eldeſt ſons were engaged as yeomen againſt the Wexfordian rebels in ſeveral moſt dangerous conflicts, they eſcaped without a wound. One part, indeed, of my loſs of property was grievous—books, which I cannot for a time replace, neceſſary for the finiſhing of my hiſtorico-geographical work; and manuſcrips which never can be replaced, particularly that of a hiſtory of the Britiſh iſlands, which I had carried near its concluſion, and in which I had paid extraordinary attention to ſtile and arrangement.

With theſe judicious reflections of the Rev. James Gordon, the author of this candid, intereſting, and, as far as circumſtances would permit, faithful narrative, we conclude our ex-

tracts from this work; and while we moſt ſincerely deplore the ſhocking events which took place during this rebellion, it is natural to obſerve, that its being terminated when it was may juſtly be attributed, in a very great degree, to the judicious and energetic meaſures taken by the Marquis Cornwallis on his arrival in Ireland, and by which he rendered one of the moſt important ſervices which his country could receive at his hands, and which, with many others which he has performed, will enſure him a place in the records of poſterity amongſt the moſt diſtinguiſhed of generals, of patriots, and of men.

We have only further to remark, that it ought to be conſidered as very fortunate that the haſty attempt at rebellion made in July, 1803, was ſo ſoon cruſhed; and it ſhould excite our gratitude to Almighty God, that the horrors of 1798 were not again renewed; an event which would have excited general alarm throughout the whole of the Britiſh empire, and given courage to our foreign foes, who would have naturally expected to have received material aſſiſtance from the diſaffected Iriſh in their attempts at invaſion, had that country again become the ſcene of anarchy and bloodſhed.

Copy of the Proclamation of Deſſalines, Chriſtophe, and Clerveaux, Chiefs of St. Domingo, on the Evacuation of that Iſland.

IN THE NAME OF THE BLACK PEOPLE AND MEN OF COLOUR OF ST. DOMINGO.

THE independence of St. Domingo is proclaimed. Reſtored to our primitive dignity, we have proclaimed our right; we ſwear never to yield them to any power on earth; the frightful veil of prejudice is torn to pieces, and is ſo for ever. Woe be to whomſoever would dare again to put together its bloody tatters!

O! landholders of St. Domingo, wandering in foreign countries, by proclaiming our independence, we do not intend to forbid you indiſcriminately from returning to your property: far be from us this unjuſt idea. We are not ignorant, that there are ſome among you that have renounced their old errors, abjured the injuſtice of their exorbitant pretenſions, and acknowledged the lawfulneſs of the cauſe for which we have been ſpilling our blood theſe twelve years. Toward theſe men who do us juſtice, we will act as brothers; let them rely for ever on our eſteem and friendſhip; let them return among us. The God who protects us, the God of freemen, bids us to ſtretch out towards them our conquering arms. But as for thoſe who, intoxicated with a fooliſh pride, and intereſted ſlaves of a guilty pretenſion,

pretenſion, are blinded ſo much as to think that they are the eſſence of human nature, and they affect to believe that they are deſtined by Heaven to be our maſters and our tyrants, let them never come near the land of St. Domingo; if they come hither, they will only meet with chains and deportation; let them ſtay then where they are; and tormented by the well-deſerved miſery and the frowns of the juſt men that they have too long mocked at, let them ſtill continue to move the pity and concern of nobody.

We have ſworn not to liſten to clemency towards all thoſe who would dare to ſpeak to us of ſlavery; we ſhall be inexorable, perhaps even cruel towards all the troops who, themſelves forgetting the object for which they have not ceaſed fighting ſince 1782, ſhould come yet from Europe, to carry among us death and ſervitude. Nothing is too dear, and every means are lawful, to men from whom it is wiſhed to tear the firſt of all bleſſings. Were they to cauſe rivers and torrents of blood to run; were they, in order to maintain their liberty, to conflagrate ſeven-eighths of the globe, they are innocent before the tribunal of providence, that has not created men to ſee them groaning under a harſh and ſhameful ſervitude.

If in the various inſurrections that took place, ſome inhabitants againſt whom we had not to complain, have been victims of the cruelty of a few ſoldiers or cultivators, too much blinded by the remembrance of their paſt ſufferings to be able to diſtinguiſh the good and humane land-owners from thoſe that were unfeeling and cruel; we lament with all feeling ſouls ſo deplorable an end, and declare to the world, whatever may be ſaid to the contrary by wicked people, that the murders were committed contrary to the wiſhes of our hearts. It was impoſſible, eſpecially in the criſis in which the colony was, to be able to prevent or ſtop theſe horrors. They who are in the leaſt acquainted with hiſtory, all know that a people, when aſſailed by civil diſſentions, though they may be the moſt poliſhed on earth, give themſelves up to all kinds of exceſs, and the authority of the chiefs, always but poorly conſolidated in a time of revolution, cannot puniſh all thoſe that are guilty, without always meeting with new difficulties. But now-a-days the Aurora of peace lets us have the glimpſe of a leſs ſtormy time, now that the calm of victory has ſucceeded to the troubles of a dreadful war, every thing in St. Domingo ought to aſſume a new face, and its government henceforward to be that of juſtice.

Done at the head-quarters, Fort Dauphin,
November 29, 1803.

(Signed) DESSALINES.
CHRISTOPHE.
CLERVEAUX.

(True copy) B. AMIE, Sec.

A retroſpective

A retrospective Review of the Mercies of the past Year.

THROUGH the kind providence of God we are brought to see the beginning of another year. The mercies which we have received from his bountiful hands call for our warmest gratitude: and cold must that heart be, which is not sensible of the divine goodness. The blessings of this life call for our grateful acknowledgments; and when we reflect on them, we are unable fully to recount them. Our health and strength are blessings which we can never be thankful enough for, whilst thousands have in the past year been deprived of them. "It is in God we live, move, and have our being:" And it is through his paternal care that we are brought to see a new year. Food and raiment are generally considered common mercies, but we are bounden to praise God for them: that we live in a country where decency is the characteristic of the inhabitants: whereas the manners and dress of savages are so very offensive to modesty and decorum.

We ought to be thankful for the cheering sun, and the vital air; for the beauties of the spring, the warmth of the summer, and the bounties of autumn. That the paths of providence have been so agreeable; that friends have been kind, and enemies have not been permitted to hurt us; that we have escaped many snares and dangers; that wasting sickness has not brought us to the grave; that we have been kept from enormous crimes, into which many have fallen; that divine grace has pardoned the common infirmities of human life, so that, at the commencement of a new year, we can exclaim with the pious psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving-kindness, and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

DESCRIPTION *of* BOULOGNE.

BOULOGNE, anciently called Gesoriacum, or Gisoriacum, and since Bononia, is a sea-port, situated at the mouth of the little river Lianne, in the department of the Straits of Calais, 130 miles N. of Paris, and 14 miles S. of Calais. The harbour is extremely incommodious, and the entrance uncommonly narrow and difficult, so that merchantmen can only enter it at time of flood. St. John's Road, in front of the town, is also very bad, no vessels being capable of weathering the point, unless the wind blows from some point between the north and south-west. With all other winds the sea is very violent and

ſtormy. The mole prevents the harbour from being choaked up with ſand. The fort which defends the entrance of the harbour, is built upon the ſcite of an ancient tower, long known by the name La Tour d'Odre, and generally ſuppoſed to have been erected for a light-houſe by Julius Cæſar, when he viſited Boulogne from the Britiſh ſhore.

The city ſtands partly upon a hill, and is divided into the upper and lower town. The former contains the citadel, cathedral, ſome public ſquares, with ſeveral handſome private buildings and well-conſtructed fountains; and is the reſidence of the principal families. The latter is ſurrounded with a ſingle wall, and conſiſts of three large ſtreets, one of which leads to the upper town, and the others run in a line along the ſide of the river. It is larger and more conſiderable in point of trade than the other.

Boulogne was taken by our Henry VIII. in the year 1544, and given up to France on the 24th of March, 1550, for the ſmall ſum of 300,000 crowns.

The trade of this place was very conſiderable, not only in the time of the Romans, but in the middle ages. We learn from ſeveral authors, that gallies of fifty oars could ſtretch with perfect ſecurity along the banks of the harbour; but now a Gravèſend boat is in danger of being ſtranded at the mole.

It was under the monarchy, the capital of a diſtrict called the Boulonois, entirely independent of the general government of Picardy; but much of its dignity has been impaired ſince the revolution.

In the year 1471, Lewis XI. ſurrendered this country to the Virgin Mary, declaring that he and his ſucceſſors ſhould hold it from her, immediately as her vaſſals, on the condition of paying to her, on their acceſſion to the throne, a golden heart by way of homage. Lewis XIV. actually paid 12,000 livres in purſuance of this condition, for himſelf and his predeceſſors.

At a ſhort diſtance on the road to Calais, is a mineral ſpring of ſome celebrity. Its waters are of a ferruginous quality, and it is, therefore, called La Fontaine de Fer.

The port of Boulogne is at preſent conſidered as the principal rendezvous for the French flotilla of gun-boats, deſtined to co-operate in the long-threatened invaſion of this country.

Diſpoſitions of a Frenchman and an Engliſhman.

THE former is as free in a company he never ſaw before, as if he had ſeen them every day of his life; but an Engliſhman, on the contrary, will run into a corner, twiſt his thumbs, and if you can get "yes" and "no" from him, without ſtuttering, after he has been there for twelve hours in your company,

pany, you may think yourſelf very well off. I believe that the perpetual gaiety of our neighbours ariſes from the freedom with which they diſcourſe with one another, and from their running, when they ſee a croud, and pulling out a ſnuff-box, beginning, without farther ceremony, to chat with every one preſent about what's paſſing; by this means they ſoon forget any little calamity that may afflict them. But if an Engliſhman labour under any, he will ſpeak to nobody, but haſtening into ſolitude, mope and drive himſelf into ſuch a ſtate of melancholy as nothing but hanging can cure. The taciturnity of an Engliſhman admits a contradiction in one ſenſe. He is the moſt perfect living thermometer and barometer in the univerſe: if all his friends had loſt their ſenſe of feeling and ſeeing, they would know as well from him, every time they met him, whether the weather was hot or cold, wet or dry, as if they had the livelieſt uſe of both.

CHARACTER *of the* JOURNALIST.

[By the Duke de Nivernois.]

AT a period when the progreſs of knowledge inſpires all ranks of people with a taſte for learning and an emulation of acquiring information, when, at the ſame time, they have not the leiſure nor even the patience to engage in deep ſtudy, journals are very uſeful and even neceſſary, and the office of the journaliſt is worthy to be exerciſed by talents of the firſt order, nor ought it to be entruſted to hands of a different deſcription.

It is in the higheſt degree important to the intereſts of literature and morals, that the journaliſt ſhould poſſeſs a combination of qualities which are rarely found in any one man, a purity of taſte, and a fund of various learning, a good ſtyle of compoſition, and as much juſtice in his heart, as exactneſs and judgment in his underſtanding. The journaliſt certainly exerciſes a ſort of public and legitimate function: he is a recorder, who, after inveſtigating the materials, the ſubſtance of which he extracts, cannot with ſtrict juſtice diſguiſe any thing, or exaggerate or omit any circumſtance in his report.

His functions ought to be executed with rigour, and he ought to be impaſſable like the law itſelf. He is culpable, if the ſpirit of ſatire, or of partiality, ſhall induce him to palliate, or to aggravate faults; if he endeavours maliciouſly to diſcover defects, or if ſeduced by ſome private intereſt or attachment, he is ſtudious only of ſetting off the beauties of a writer. But the critic who preſents his readers with a correct analyſis of every performance, with legitimate concluſions, will merit the grateful acknowledgments of the republic of letters in general.

CURIOUS IRISH BULL.

IN the court of King's Bench, on January 26, 1804, George Kenan, an Iriſhman, and an inſolvent debtor, was brought up to be diſcharged, when the oppoſing counſel aſked him what he had done with an eſtate he ſtood ſeiſed of in the county of Meath? He anſwered, that he had made it over to his brother, and he had got the conveyance in his pocket.

Mr. Juſtice Lawrence aſked to ſee the inſtrument, and it was handed up to him. After looking at it, he ſaid, "Why this inſtrument purports to be your *laſt will and teſtament!*

Kenan.—"Well, my Lord, and ſure that's the way I made it over, and it is gone for ever!

Mr. Juſtice Lawrence.—"Why, man, you ought to have *died* to have made the conveyance complete."

Kenan.—"I don't ſee the neceſſity for that, my Lord. My brother never told me of that; he thought it a good conveyance, and holds the land faſt."

After ſome further obſervations he was remanded.

REFLECTIONS.

NO two things can be ſo contradictory, ſo much at variance, as truth and falſhood; and yet none are ſo mixed and united.

A fool is not always without wit; and it is when he ſhows wit that he is inſupportable. His wit is like an edged tool put into the hands of a child: without it he might be harmleſs.

Wit gives confidence, leſs than confidence gives wit.

The moſt flattering dominion is that over other men's minds. What is the influence of a miniſter of ſtate compared with that of the head of a ſect?

Anſwer, by Philo, of St. Auſtell, to W. Carter's Queſtion, inſerted November 7.

PUT x=the bung diameter required; b=23, the head diameter; c=34 the length; d=66,2 a. gallons, the content; and r=1077, a well known diviſor for ale gallons; then, by Hutton's Compendious Meaſurer, we get this equation, viz. $b^3+2x^2\times c\div 1077=d$: hence x=28 inches, the anſwer.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from G. H. of Stoke Abbot; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; Paulus; R. Pentreath; W. Gregory, of Tamerton Foliott; and W. Harvey, of Camborne.

Anſwer, by J. Rouſell, of Lopen, to his own Rebus, inſerted October 10.

FLAX is the plant I had in view;
Your ſervant, Sirs, and ſo adieu.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from R. Horſey, of Wellington.

Anſwer, by J. Channon, of Ottery, to T. Bullock's Rebus, inſerted December 19.

PLAINLY it doth appear to ſight,
A WINDOW often gives us light.

⁂ We have received the like anſwer from G. Hollands; T. Rutger of Clowance; R. Horſey, of Wellington; R. Holwell, of Exeter; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; and J. Rouſell, of Lopen.

Anſwer, by P. Gove, of Exeter, to R. Holwell's Enigma, inſerted December 19.

THE STOCKS are high in eſtimation;
The ſtocks do help ſupport the nation;
The ſtocks oft hold the drunken fool
Up to diſgrace and ridicule.

§⁂§ We have received the like anſwer from R. Bartlett, and J. Rouſell, of Lopen; J. Channon, of Ottery; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; Thomas Whicker, and W. Strong, of Exeter; J. Whittle, of Upway; C. Child, of South Cheriton; T. Rutger, of Clowance; J. Ball, Taunton; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; S. L. Margray, of Tremough, G. Holland, of Stoke Abbot; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; and R. Horſey, of Wellington.

A CHARADE, *by J. Squance, of Exeter.*

WHEN ſpring reſumes its all-enliv'ning pow'r,
You then may find, in Flora's beauteous bow'r,
My firſt its ſweet perfumes diſcloſe;
But ſhould it from my next be torn away,
Short is its life, it quickly would decay,
And wither like the bluſhing roſe:
My whole ſuch balmy influence contains,
It oft relieveth thoſe oppreſs'd with pains.

An ENIGMA, *by P. Gove, of Exeter.*

BEHOLD! ye bards, a faithful friend appears,
A friend to you I've been for many years,
And ſtill remain, nay to your lateſt breath,
To give you eaſe and ſuccour e'en in death;
Fatigu'd with labour, or o'ercome with grief,
You fly to me, and I afford relief;
I eaſe your frame, when you are much oppreſs'd,
And oft give eaſe to the afflicted breaſt.
Within my bounds imaginations riſe,
And takes their rapid flight thro' yonder ſkies;
O'er hills and vallies ſpeed their airy way,
O'er craggy rocks, and on the boiſterous ſea,
'Till rouz'd by perils, and perplex'd with fright,
The airy viſion vaniſhes from ſight.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

Extempore Epitaph on Thomas Jones, of Langport, Carrier of the Sherborne Mercury and Weekly Entertainer, who was drowned the 4th of February, 1790, in the River Parret.

INSTEAD of raiſing ſculptur'd ſtones,
I pay this tribute to T. Jones;
'Tis ſaid he was an honeſt man,
But lik'd to ſwig the jug or can:
Who can blame an honeſt fellow
If he got a little mellow?
For twenty years, and ſometime more,
Down Parret's margin news he bore;
Tom to his truſt was ever true,
His books and news were always new;
But tho' he knew the path ſo well,*
He ſteer'd awry, and in he fell;
Sad news to tell Tom's maſters round,
That he in Parret ſtream is drown'd!
Whatever is—we'll think it beſt;
And Tom we hope is now at reſt.

* He walked ten miles every week on the banks of the river Parret.

The Fair Infane; or Anna at the Tomb of Henry

[From Carey's Pleaſures of Nature.]

SOD, that wraps my Henry's clay,
O lie lightly on his breaſt!
And, ye winds, that bring decay,
Spare the flowers with which 'tis dreſt!

So that, at the cloſe of eve,
Fairy bands here oft may come;
Come, and their gay circles weave,
Round my lover's graſſy tomb.

Sportive elves! O! here repair,
And I'll join your dance, and crave
Leave to bind your golden hair
With the pride of Henry's grave.

Who could with my lover vie?
O! his eye was brighter far
Than the morning's orient eye,
Than the ev'ning's leading ſtar.

Form'd with manners mild, to raiſe
In the female breaſt love's ſmart;
Form'd to melt it too with eaſe,
Soon he won my virgin heart.

O how happy have I been,
In the boſom of this grove,
By the pale moon's ſilver ſhene,
Often wandering with my love!

Now within the moonlight glade,
Now, e'en now, he ſhould appear,
For he loves me ſtill, tho' dead;
And when Anna calls will hear.

Hark, I'll chide the ſleeping youth:
Sure thy dreams are dreams of joy,
Henry, ſure thy bed is ſmooth,
That thou hear'ſt not Anna's voice!

Wake, altho' thy ſleep be ſound,
And tho' pleaſant be thy dreams;
Wake, and ſee how far around,
Cynthia's yellow radiance ſtreams.

Wake, and hear the nightingale,
Her ſoft ſtrains in ſorrow ſteep;
Whilſt, in pity to her tale,
Round her bow'r the night winds weep.

Does my lover linger ſtill?
Still, when round our walk ſo fair,
Seraphs ſmite their lyres, and fill
With ſoft melody the air!

And the zephyr ſteals the breath
Of the ev'ning primroſe flow'r,
That beſtrews the lovers' path,
And that gems the lovers' bow'r.

But, if pierc'd by ſorrow's dart,
Thou haſt felt thy reaſon fly,
And, in bitterneſs of heart,
Laid thee down, my love, to die;

Nor has death refus'd to ſteep
In the balm of peace thy breaſt,
O! unbroken be thy ſleep,
And ſoft be thy bed of reſt!

O! how pleaſing is repoſe
To the heart that ceaſeleſs mourns!
Anna too her eyes will cloſe,
For her brain—it burns, it burns!

Sad ſhe ſpoke, and ſad ſhe preſt
His cold turf, by ſorrow driv'n;
Alas! the mildews bath'd her breaſt,
And the mourner woke in Heav'n!

A TRUE

A TRUE STORY.

Written in the Spring of 1802,
By Mrs. LE NOIR.

FAIR ſpring, a coy, reluctant maid,
Advanc'd with timid pace;
For winter, unalluring blade,
Half ſought the nymph's embrace:
Untimely ſhow'rs the naiads grieve,
O'erflowing every urn;
And ſad Pomona ſhrinks at eve,
And ſickens at the morn.

From climes remote, on weary wing,
Arrive a helpleſs train,
Which, circling low in airy ring,
Seek food and reſt in vain:
For rude, inhoſpitable bands
The harmleſs flight annoy,
And ſtones and ſlaves, from cruel hands,
Or mangle or deſtroy.

One youthful ſtraggler panting lay,
Leſs wounded than afraid,
When Ellen chanc'd to paſs that way,
A tender-hearted maid:
Alas! poor emigrant, ſhe cried,
And laid him on her breaſt;
From ſavage boys there ſafe abide,
We harbour the diſtreſt.

But, ah! how hard it is to rear
The emigrating bird,
To Ellen, inexperienc'd fair,
It never once occurr'd:
Eliza, eager, not leſs kind,
Receiv'd it with a ſigh;
Alas! its food we cannot find,
Then gave it liberty!

But ſcarce releas'd, with ſuppliant noiſe,
It beat againſt the pane;
O! take me from the barb'rous boys,
It ſeem'd to ſay, again:
To ſave the fond confiding thing
The tender females plann'd,
And, with his head beneath his wing,
He ſlept on each one's hand.

The nymphs a ſhelter'd bed prepare,
Of cotton ſoft as down,
Arrange it with the niceſt care,
And place it near their own:
At early dawn they anxious riſe,
And liſt, with ſtifled breath;
But cold and motionleſs he lies,
He ſleeps the ſleep of death.

Now laid, while pitying eyes bewail,
Beneath the moſſieſt roſe,
The little hero of my tale
Has undiſturb'd repoſe.

IMPROMPTU,

On ſeeing a Man ſetting his Watch by a Clockmaker's Sign.

A Simpleton! to ſet thy watch
By that mere painted ſign;
Why if thou ſee it every hour,
It always ſtands at NINE.

Well, I'm determin'd on it pos,
I'll put thee into rhyme;
Whereever thou may'ſt go to day,
Thou'lt be in rare good time.

What many a heedleſs fool will loſe,
Thou wilt as ſurely find;
An hour at leaſt thou'lt be before,
Whoever is behind.

Yet much thy patience may be try'd,
And hard will be thy fate,
Thy breakfaſt, dinner, ſupper, all
Will come an hour too late.

And then I ſee thee, ſo exact,
Perſifling in the wrong;
And this unfortunate miſtake,
May laſt thee all day long.

But whilſt we at thy blunder laugh,
We greater blunders make;
Time ſquander'd wantonly away,
Will prove a worſe miſtake.

On DISSAPPOINTMENT.

By a YOUNG LADY.

SEASONS return and paſs away,
The ſmiling ſpring, and ſummer gay,
By liberal autumn crown'd:
Now winter's tempeſt ſweeps the ſky,
Diſmantled nature's hollow ſigh,
Spreads devaſtation round.

Alas! to me no joys they bring,
Chearleſs returns each youtnful ſpring,
By melancholy led;
For nature, lovely as thou art,
Can never heal the wounded heart,
Nor raiſe the drooping head.

O! could I find ſome bleſt retreat,
Where ſcorn no more my eyes would meet,
Nor inſult pierce my ſoul:
In ſweet communion with my God,
Reſign'd I'd bend beneath the rod,
'Till time ſhould ceaſe to roll.

REFLECTION.

IN Heaven repoſe thy every care,
Twill make thy gloomieſt day look fair.